THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 36.

Boston, Saturday, January 3, 1807.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AMONG various designs, which solicit the reward of the liberal and the praise of the eminent, no one has fairer claim to preference, than literary enterprise. In a country where ambition lawfully elevates its eye beyond the common routine of daily occupation; where intelligence is honor, and intellectual greatness a patent of nobility; those designs which have a tendency to enlarge the mind, to give it ease and elegance as well as strength, may with no common confidence anticipate public favor.

YET the United States have been accused of insensibility to literary merit; of failing to cherish the plants of genius, and nurturing their young shoots into blossoms and fruit. Has this charge been advanced with propriety? We think not. That perfection in the fine arts, which ennobles the Italian school; that refinement, which demands wealth, leisure, and luxury to support; that magnificence, which requires the labor of ages to create, are not to be expected in a young country like our own, and it is true, that the United States exhibit few, if any examples. Architecture is in some little degree advanced; but painting scarcely finds an amateur, and sculpture is almost unknown. We have here no deities of beauty or pleasure, breathing from the canvass or animated marble; nor have we a necessity for these unreal likenesses, when nature has favored us with so many living orignals. Yet it is not correct to attribute an entire disregard, even in the higher branches of intellectual improvement, to the citizens of the United States. Our country can boast many brilliant lights in the hemisphere of genius, like these celestial luminaries, that, not contented with shining as suns in their own system, extend to distant worlds the milder radiance of a star.

BUT the national literary character of the United States stands not on the magnitude of individual exertion; it derives not its honor from colossal labor and gigantic force; it points not to an Addison, a Johnson, a Hume, Shakespeare, Milton, or Pope; but

to the community at large, for that general good sense and correct information, which give respectability to all—eminence, but to few. The literature of other countries is confined only to a select circle; it is like a river, which rushes with awful and irresistible grandeur, merely fertilizing its own shores:—ours is of a more diffusive nature; like the rain from heaven, which, attracting but little notice, spreads itself over an extensive territory, and creates general fertility, beauty, and profusion.

EARLY education, and the habits it creates, give to the people of our country whatever they claim of literary character; though not so splendid in name, it is more useful in practice, than that of more celebrated nations.

THIS is the ground work of future eminence; and whenever wealth shall afford means of literary leisure, the eagle shall again rise in the regions of science, as when it was the herald of Roman celebrity.

BUT while the necessary avocations of life interfere with the labors of a severe philosophy, POLITE LITERATURE invites every one to its delightful pleasure grounds, decorated with all the refinement of elegance, and varieties of beauty. Every one has opportunity for this relaxation, and it is a source of amusement that is rising in public estimation.

IN conformity with general sentiments, and in aid of this laudable design, periodical publications, with various merits and success, have been numerous in the United States. Among these, a humble candidate for public favor the EMERALD ventured to appear. Its object was to instruct and amuse. It did not descend to gratify corrupted taste with stories of the wonderful and the marvellous, nor to assume pedantic pride by dogmatical decision and the abstract studies of philosophy. Its columns were opened to literature and to life. Its ambition was directed to whatever might correct the taste and improve the heart; rather emulous of displaying those charms, which appear in the freedom of elegant conversation and the amusements of life, than discussing those more weighty and difficult principles, which are appropriate to the closet of philosophers and the cabinet of statesmen. Its design has been laudable, however inefficient its means. But the proprietors are not willing to believe the Emerald has been conducted in a manner unworthy attention. However distrustful of their own abilities, it may be allowed them to say, without vanity, that some reliance is to be placed on a large circle of literary correspondents. They have had the

pleasure of introducing original communications from writers, whose acknowledged performances the public have beheld with a very favorable eye; and they have seen their literary establishment, without extrinsic aid, without the recommendation of editorial popularity, rising into the favor of those, whose good opinion it is an honor to deserve; and they have now no right to complain, either that their subscription list is small, or that their subscribers are but nominally patrons. Under these circumstances of encouragement, they enter on the duties of another year, with anxiety indeed, but with humble hope that their exertions may not be ineffectual, and that the EMERALD, under the same principles which have hitherto directed it, may be still found in the fashionable circles of polite literature.

Emerald Office, January 1st, 1807.

For the Emerald.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SWISS POETRY.

WERE a traveller to visit Switzerland at this period, he would not discover among its inhabitants all that hardy and intrepid spirit, which enabled their forefathers to contend with the power of Austria, and to build an independency in her territories. They retain more of their sober and industrious habits, than of their courage or patriotism.

Switzerland for a long time appeared like a spec on the surface of Europe, as did the ancient Judea among the nations of the East, the chosen spot, in which *the knowledge of the true* freedom was to be preserved. Nature seemed to have placed her as it were, behind the world, were she maintained all that innocence, poverty, and simplicity, which are so essential to the existence of popular governments. But, like most of the republics who have preceeded her, she is now at last swallowed in the gulph of despotism.

This country abounds not only with some of the grandest scenes in nature, but the character of its natives, their virtue and their integrity, their simplicity, and their generous and hospitable manners, endear them to travellers, and enlarge our ideas of the real character of human nature.

But it was not so much my design to draw a portait of the Swiss, which has been done by travellers without number, as to publish the result of inquiries and observations into the poetry. Almost every Swiss seems to be a poet from nature. Yet, in after life, the busy avocations of the men prevent their paying attention to it, and it is only my own sex who are allowed to follow their natural disposition, and preserve their taste for it. A lady of the canton of Uri, gave me a copy of some verses she had attempted. I was pleased with their *naivete*, and at the time, (seven years since) I endeavoured to turn them into my own language.

SONNET TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

How bright is our youth's early morn,
Ere reflection has clouded the brow:
We select then the rose from the thorn,
And are happy we hardly know how.

No sorrow corrodes then our heart,
No falsehood creates then a tear ;—
For the bosom a stranger to art,
Believes every friend is sincere.

We join in the sports of the plain,
With rapture we hear the blith song,
When they dance we are first of the train,
And are gayest among the gay throng.

But ah ! these fair visions of youth,
Disappointment will chase from the mind,
And the friends whom we fancy all truth,
Even they will be sometimes unkind.

I have seen the bright azure morn,
With darkness and clouds shadowed o'er,—
I have found that the rose has a thorn,
Which will wound when its bloom is no more.

The sigh which from sympathy rose,
Now heaves not for others alone ;
And the tear as it silently flows,
Confesses a source of its own.

A STRANGER.

For the Emerald.

THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It is generally conceived to be a mark of affection to commemorate the new year by an exchange of presents, and it cannot be denied, that the little trifles which are expended on these occasions are of more importance than their intrinsic value ; they frequently endear the connections of friendship, cause the eye of infancy to sparkle with gratitude, and gratify with new pleasures the the parental heart. It is doubtful whether they who receive are more happy than they who bestow. These little presents are offrings on the shrine of sociality, they bless those who give and those who take.

In the smaller concerns of life, in matters not essentially connected with the good order and regulation of society, custom is law, and it has seldom exercised its prerogatives in greater variety than in matters of presents. The savage asks what for what he wants without cremony, and gives or refuses as he feels the inclination ; he is never embarrassed with etiquette or the forms of fashion, and feels very little obligations from those favors which he asks for without scruple, and receives without surprise. It is part of the ceremony of Eastern magnificence never to make an application to any great officer of state without preparing for a reception by an elegant and costly present ; and the monarch himself is not always above the influence of these valuable doceurs.

The Roman senator from the superfluity of wealth would often send a sum of money or a dinner to his less affluent client, and the proud plebean, who valued himself more on the privileges of a Roman citizen than he would in possession of a barbarian's kingdom, received the friendly supply with thanks, but not servility. It was the custom here likewise, for the rich man at a feast at his own house to distribute money among the guests, that they might without expence to themselves, be amused at any game of chance or skill that could be played during the evening, and the Roman writings have preserved the copy of a letter sent to the daughter of Suetonius with a similar present, as she was absent from the feast at which the money was distributed.

It is said likewise " that at a splendid festival prepared for Louis XIV, at the Chateau de Beau, the steward was ordered to put into every courtier's room a purse full of gold to supply the wants of those who might be without money, or had but little for the royal gaming table" According to the author, this was considered a piece of elegant politeness which the courtiers did not hesitate to receive.

Thus various and singular in this concern have been the forms of po-

liteness, and thus flexible the nature of pride, which as custom authorizes, receives at one time an article with pleasure, that at another it would spurn with contempt.

J. Y.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 11.

Five Miles off, or the Finger Post (Dibdin) & Lodoiska.—Friday, Dec. 26.

The Provoked Husband; or, Journey to London (Vanburgh and C. Cibber) and the Critic. Monday, Dec. 29.

For the repetition of this play, we are indebted to some "friends of the theatre;" for the continuation of its former cast, our obligation devolves on the performers. They shall herein receive such applause for their endeavours to accommodate the public will, as shall be deserved by the spirit of determined disregard, and the efforts of wounded resentment.

The scenes of the Provoked Husband, in which Cibber has been most successful, are those of high-life; particularly the last of mutual reconciliation, in the fifth act. The second scene of warm recrimination, is the production of Sir John Vanburgh, as were most of the sketches from vulgar life. But Cibber altered some of the low comedy scenes, and compiled the whole play, as will be observed by comparing "A Journey to London," as written by Vanburgh, with the combined play, under the joint names of Cibber and himself. As in our critical *examen* of the performance of this play we have had recourse to the original intention of the author, so we shall compare the impressions we have thence received, with the relative comprehensions of our performers, as evinced on the representation of Monday evening. And we shall be the more particular, because they have undertaktaken to slight the animadversion of their public exhibition, by the public opposition of their private opinions.—We mean to shew, if not, that our previous recommendations of an alteration in the cast would have produced a more perfect performance, yet that our former decision respecting the merit of the present cast, was *essentially* correct and conclusive. If the general opinion now is, that Mr. *Caulfield* could not have surpassed Mr. Usher in Lord Townly, we still think *Mr. Usher* was defective.—He was not the true gentleman, and though evidently *provoked*, he was not Lord *Townly* provoked. And should it be said that no one in our whole dramatic corps could have personated Mr. *Manly* better than Mr. Fox, we at the same time must be allowed to assert, that the prevalence of such an opinion is derogatory to the company; for the character throughout was as completely misconceived, as, in our apprehension, it were possible to have been.—Even Mrs. Powell's *friends* will not surely deny, her abilities in Lady Grace would surpass those of Mrs. Usher; but if they should be in opposition to this idea, we nevertheless hope to convince them of *Mrs. Usher's* incapacity for Lady Grace.

The play was exhibited as well as the powers of the actors engaged in it could permit, considering the misapplication of so much talent, and the neglect of even more.

Wilks, the original Lord Townly, has a higher reputation than even Garrick, in that character. Mr. Cibber's own expressions are descriptive of the part itself, and also of the manner of that distinguished performer: "I will venture to say of Mr. Wilks, that, in the last act I never saw any passion take so natural a possession of an actor, or any actor take so *tender* a possession of his audience." When he reproached Lady Townly with her faults, in his warmest resentment, he mingled a tenderness which softened himself and the audience into tears. And in all the scenes he was the complete fine gentleman.

Mr. Usher, so far from shewing the character in this light, was ungraceful where he should have been elegant, and morose where he should have been feeling. The 1st scene of dispute was but indifferently played, and the soliloquy excited no interest, from a want of *force* in discrimination, and a want of variety in *tone*. In the 2d scene he evinced more vigor of apprehension, and escaped with fewer defects; but in the last, especially in the speech where he explains the motives of his parting, he gained some marks of approbation. These in fact were rather

for his energy of utterance, than for truth of character. The effect he produced was not the true effect; he was rather enraged than softened just before leaving his wife, and his transition from harsh severity to tender concern was not *evidently* discriminated. We often observed he misplaced his emphasis, even in those cases where the contrasted structure of the sentence rendered it difficult to be mistaken.—Take this sentence for an example:—"familiar, chattering, crop-ear'd coxcombs, who are so often like *monkeys* there would be no knowing them asunder, but that their *tails hang* from their heads, and the *monkey's grow* where they should do." If we have marked Mr. Usher's emphasis right, his conception was wrong—it should have been: "who are so often *like* monkeys there would be no knowing them asunder, but that *their* tails hang from their *heads*, and the *monkey's* grow where they *should do*." Emphasis, however, in colloquial phraseology, must necessarily be arbitrary; a look often does more for the author than the clearest conveyance of the sense by words. We presumed Mr. Usher must have been perfect in his part, after his shewing so much irritation in the papers; we however heard the prompter more than once.

Mr. Mills, in the part of Manley, is mentioned by Cibber and others, in high strains of panegyric. It is certainly the most important character in the play, as far as relates to connection with the plot. It is *Manly*, who suggests motives of separation to Lord Townly; who is the lover of Lady Grace; who unfolds the character of the Wronghead family; who saves that family from destruction, and detects the turpitude of Lady Wronghead. In the dialogue, it is Manly who gives it pungency without bitterness, and force without irritation: "he has a *satirical* turn, but never *lashes* any folly without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue." The point of the conversation depends on him, and its shafts darted by his agency.

Manly, as delineated by Mr. Fox, so far from uttering a sarcasm, was continually issuing precepts of the gravest morality. The satire of the author, was turned into methodistical cant; it appeared not to have been *understood* by Mr. Fox. *His* spiritless deportment rendered the *rest* of the acting completely lethargic. On its *dialogue*, the great reputation of the Provoked Husband is founded, and in that dialogue, on Manly. Mr. Fox destroyed the terseness of the ensuing sentence, by his mutilation.

"I think a wife, after midnight, has no occasion to be in better company than her husband; and that frequent unseasonable hours make the *best company*—the *worst company* she can fall into." Mr. Fox said, "make *it* the worst company she can fall into." His emphasis we think was erroneous in this sentence:

"Though I do not directly *advise* my Lord to do this, this is only what on the same provocation *I* would do myself." The word marked should not have been *advise*; but the words *my Lord*, should have been distinctly noticed. We repeat, that this gentleman was not calculated to perform the part; it is intirely out of the limits of his talents.

First Mrs. Oldfield, and afterwards Mrs. Woffington, in Lady Townly, have been greatly, & probably very judiciously extalled. This character is the most perfect in its nature, in the whole range of the comic drama. The account given of Mrs. Oldfield in it, while it shews us what *she* was, will also describe the *character*. "She had one peculiar happiness from *nature*, she looked and maintained the *agreeable* at a time when other fine women only raise admirers by their understanding. The qualities she *acquired*, were the *genteel* and the *elegant*. The one in her air, and the other in her dress, never had an equal on the stage."

This encomium will with justice apply to Mrs. Stanley in *her* personation of this part. In the three scenes with her husband she rose gradually to great excellence; they formed a *climax* of elegant delineation. Since the last representation, Mrs. Stanley has improved in all the scenes of mutual reproach and giddy dissipation; she does not overstrain her tones so much as before; but there is yet wanted a sprightliness and vivacity in her utterance. In the scene of reconciliation she was astonishingly impressive and affecting; but even in this incontestibly fine acting, we thought her tenderness had a monotory, and her

articulation a whine. These defects, however, so far from discolouring, did not more than tinge her delineation of the character; and we mention them the rather to make her future performance *perfect*, than to hint any *material* objection to the present. There is no doubt Mrs. Stanley is the truest and most characteristic fine-lady that has ever been seen on our boards.—Confident in her power, sensible of her charms, and disregarding her husband, she seemed continually whirling in dissipation, till at the very vortex she is suddenly recovered, to adorn and dignify the circle of domestic enjoyment. We could cite numerous instances of clear apprehension, discrimination and taste in her utterance, and of tenderness, sweetness and liquidness in her tone, but our limits will not permit.—The *second* scene, contained the greatest abundance of beauties in the giddy language of high life; but in the *last*, she displayed the greatest *powers*. In her confession speech, particularly, her talents having full scope, she shone with distinguished brilliancy.

We hope the "School for Scandal," and "Much ado about nothing," may be soon represented, as we form the highest expectations of both her Beatrice and Lady Teazle.

The great difficulty with Mrs. Usher in Lady Grace was, that *she could not be heard*; of course, what she said cannot be praised or censured; and of course there was no Lady Grace. Her manner of turning away from the person speaking to her, without any adequate cause, seems habitual; and she would do well in endeavouring to correct it. Let her elevate the pitch of her voice, and she will improve.

Messrs. Bernard and Dickenson, evinced little alteration in their manner, excepting that the latter was rather more broad in his humour. Mr. Poe as Count Basset, had more life and apprehension than on the last representation.

We mention Mrs. Poe, with pleasure, as Miss Jenny. She *preserved* her character with credit, both in *open* and *bye* play. Mrs. Shaw was the *same* Lady Wronghead as before.

We hope this play may again be repeated; which, with the farce of the *Critic*, we have no doubt will always produce an overflowing house. Mr. Bernard's Puff, and Dickenson's Sir Fretful, were both deserving of much credit and applause.

Five Miles Off, or the Finger Post (Dibdin) and Lodoiska.

Wednesday, Dec. 31.

As we had been induced to expect much entertainment, from the mirth and laughter, wit and whim, with which this comedy is said to abound; our disappointment was probably the greater in finding the English commendations undeserved. The story of this piece is short and singular.

Edward, supposed to have been disinherited by his father, meets with all "the whips and scoffs o' the time," and among other vexations, is told in a letter from *Squire Flail*, to whose daughter *Mary* he had been affianced, that she is now to marry another. Edward at once proceeds to Flail's, and on his way rescues Mary from the hands of a ruffian. Flail still refuses his consent to the union; but in merry mood promises her hand to Edward, if he produce, in twelve hours, a freehold tenement, an acre of land, and one article of live stock, within five miles of Harvest-Hall. These terms are overheard by Kalendar, an oddity in philosophy, who tells Edward the stipulations can be fulfilled, as appears by a half-obsolete Forest-Law. Sordid had been steward to the father of Edward, and had got his estate in his power, and induced Edward to suppose his parents had disinherited him for excesses, which Sordid had privately encouraged.—Squire Flail is persuaded to contract his daughter in marriage with Sordid's natural son, *Luckless*; who, brought up in utter ignorance of his parents, is notified in the newspapers to repair to Harvest-Hall. He sets out on his journey, and arrives there before Sordid, who had been misled on the road, "by a finger-post, five miles from the Hall," at the center of four roads, which a blundering Irishman had erected, and which instead of being *fixed* was *moveable*. Sordid, for fear of being robbed, buries his money and some papers near this spot; on which Kalendar caused a temporary house to be erected for Edward, that he may claim the promise of Flail, who, having found Luckless to be already married, consents. Now, Sordid arrives at the finger-post to look

for his money and papers, and finds a house on the very place. In the mean time the papers and money are found, among which are the title deeds of Edward's estate, and the written forgiveness of his father, which *Sordid* had withheld. Thus the old villian is punished, and the rest made happy. This outline is fitted up by the whims of Kalandar, the jealousy of Prudence Flail, the blunderings of an Irishman, the stiffness of a Quaker, the rusticity of Jenny and John Spriggins, and the humourous ingenuity of black Tom, a thief.

This piece is replete with wit, pun, or attempts at both; but they are often local, and more often "far-fetched." The best scene is that of Kalendar, with the women, in which the equivoque is both laughable and natural. We also presume, had the personation been more perfect, the humours would have been more obvious. The arrows of its wit were often broken in their career, and sometimes fell pointless from the bow.

Mr. Bernard humoured the eccentricities of Kalendar, with much success. Dykes was respectable in Sordid, Usher in Flail, and Mrs. Shaw, particularly so, in Prudence Flail—While Mr. Powell, in Spriggins, Fox, in Luckless, and Turnbull, in O'Gimlet, seemed to touch the audience as with a torpedo. Mr. Dickenson and Mrs. Usher sustained the parts of Flourish and Jenny, with some success; Mrs. Dykes was wanting in strength of voice, in Laura.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by king David 1 Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture; and Gothic sculpture, which Scotland can boast The stone, of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrougth. In some of the cloisters, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c. carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of *Galashiels*, a favorite Scottish air, ran thus:

O the monks of Melrose made gude kale*
On Fridays when they fasted;
They never wanted beef nor ale
As long as their neighbor's lasted.

DR. BENTLEY.

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley, on the subject of the Epistles of Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun: They exhibited in a print Phalaris's guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the Doctor's mouth—"I had much rather be roasted than *boil'd!*"

THE FRENCH STAGE.

Just before the curtain was to be drawn up, at the representation of the opera Ariadne and Bacchus, a principal performer was taken ill. The part was given to an indifferent actor who had been frequently hissed particularly when he moved out of his proper sphere. The fictitious hero appeared and was received with a volley of hisses, which however did not disconcert him, for he addressed the pit and said, I do not understand you, gentlemen; are you so unreasonable as to expect that for the paltry sum of six hundred livres, which I receive for a year's labour, I should give you a voice worth a thousand crowns!

The idle man expects life—the industrious enjoys it,

* *Kale, Broth.*

There are some fools, like ugly person, who, when they endeavour to adorn themselves, the more disgusting they become.

The love of paradox is to wit what coquetry is to beauty.

Those who wish to shine by the singularity of their observations, rarely make any that are useful.

DR. JOHNSON.

"Dr. Johnson threw together the substance of his Latin epitaph on Goldsmith into the more compressed form of a Greek epigram.—These lines, and his translation of a noble passage in the Medea of Euripides, which has been frequently and in vain attempted, are not sufficiently known. They are not printed with his works, altho' the latter is as successful as any thing that he has left us.

"Thou seest the tomb of Oliver; retire,
Unholy feet, nor o'er his ashes tread.
Ye whom the deeds of old, verse, nature, fire,
Mourn Nature's priest, the bard, historian, dead."

CATO.

Pliny, in his preface to his Natural History, has bestowed a panegyric on the intergrity of Cato, the just application of which would confer honour on the character af any magistrate in any country. "O te felicem, Marce Porci, a quo rem improbam petere nemo audet!" How great was thy happiness, Cato, that no one dared to insult thee with an unseemly request!

IRRESOLUTE PERSONS.

There are certain sorts of people who pass their whole age in consultations, and never put in practice what are always so busily employed in meditating upon. To such idle persons I apply the words in Eccles. ch. xi. vers. 4. "Quid observat ventos non seminat, &c." He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

AVARICE.

Men are not determined among themselves on the definition of avarice. The prodigal sees it even in the generous man: and the avaricious one calls generosity extravagance.

Extracts from the "Miseries of Human Life."

MISERIES OF STAGE-COACHES.

Tes. Sitting down to a stage-coach dinner, at a vile inn, with the outside passengers let in upon you—and, as soon as you have begun to lose some part of your misery, by having helped yourself to something better than you expected, the Coachman bursting in, and then bursting *out*, with "All ready, Gem'men!"—

Ned Tes.

"Libavitque dapes, rursusque innoxius imo
Successit *tumulo*, et depasta" cibaria "liquit." *Virg.*

Sen. On entering a stage-coach for a long journey, finding (amongst other pleasant inmates) at least one mudling mother, with a sick—but not silent—infant:—windows all as close as wax, for the poor child's sake!

The attempts at sleep which you make in a night-coach, under the following *lulling* circumstances:—no night cap—clapping your head, with a new hat on it (which you feel that you are ruining forever) against the side-pannel, from which it is incessantly cuffed and bumped away by the jumps and jolts of the coach—your knees miserably cramped—your opposite neighbour continually bobbing forward, in his sleep, into your stomach—the guard's horn frequently braying you broad awake out of your momentary doze—feverish restlessness all over you &c.—then, just as you are, at last, sinking into something very like a nap, making a dead stop at the inn where the passengers are to sup; when you all yawn,

limp, shiver, and blunder along, in the dark, to a cold room, where you sit in gloomy, weary, numb, stupid silence, waiting without end for the supper, which, when brought in at last, you cannot touch, though very hungry; till at length, you crawl, jaded and grumbling, back to your endless, hopeless, harrassing jumble—On looking out of the window at day-break, you find that you are just taking leave of a sublime or beautiful country, through which you have been stealing all night; and entering on a dull, barren flat, which continues through the day—as it had done through the day before.

Tes. Seeing and hearing the roof of a crazy coach groan, crack, and bend, over your head, beneath the successive flouncing weights of a dozen ponderous passengers, who continue to "keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads," by shifting their places twenty times during the journey.

Sen. First, failing of a place in a night-coach; then, (your journey urgent, and no other conveyance to be had) the cool comfort of a seat on the roof, without a great coat, amidst a gang of wretches, while a sleety rain is just coming on.

MISERIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

Tes. In attempting to take up a poker softly (an invalid asleep in the room) throwing it violently down, sociably accompanied by the tongs and shovel in its fall.

Visiting a remarkably *nice Lady*, who lets you discover, by the ill-suppressed convulsion of her features and motions, that she considers your shoes as not wiped (in your passage over at least twenty mats)—that you stand too near to a darling jar—lean rather too *emphatically* against the back of your chair—are in danger of waking *Shock*, by speaking in too high a key, &c. &c. till you begin to envy the situation of real prisoners.

After having been accidentally detained on a water-excursion far beyond the time you have to spare, rowing homeward, against wind and tide, with an appointment of the utmost consequence before you, which, you know, will soon be *behind* you.—Then, in plucking out your watch to see *how much* too late you shall be, jerking it over the side of the boat, and seeing it *founder* in an instant.

Sen. Suddenly thinking of your best argument in a debate, and, in your eagerness to state it, swallowing your wine the wrong way, and so squeaking and croaking more and more unintelligibly, with the tears running down your cheeks, till the conversation has been turned, or your antagonist has left the company:—

——— "in mediis conatibus, ægri
Succidimus;—non lingua valet, non
corpore notæ
Sufficiunt vires—nec vox, nec verba
sequunter." *Virg.*

Being baited on all sides with intreaties to sing, when, either by nature or accident, you have no voice.

EDITORIAL.

In order to make future volumes correspond with the year, this number will be considered as the commencement of a second volume. An Index and Title Page for the last, will be given in a few weeks.

The WANDERER will excuse our occupying the room which is usually devoted to his elegant and interesting essays. We shall introduce him the next week to our readers in the novel and useful garb of a Physician.

We return our thanks to those literary friends whose occasional communications have added value to the EMERALD.....We would not willingly dispense with their favors.

The Stranger will observe, we have omitted part of the communication which to a *careless* eye would appear unintelligible. If the doubtful passages can be explained, they shall readily be inserted.

Several favors on file will meet attention

NOTICE.

The first volume of the works of Burke, published by Messrs. Greenlea and J. West, from the press of Carlisle is now before the public. It is executed in a neat style with uncommon correctness. The type and paper are good. Works of such taste, are in no danger of being dishonoured by a tasteless edition. The publishers have only to *go on and do likewise* to make this American copy equal, in every thing but price, its prototype the English.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

NEW YEAR ADDRESS,

THE CARRIER OF THE EMERALD.

OME, gentle Muse, thy needful aid bestow,
unrewarded let thy "Carrier" go;
ild thy boy with something more than smiles,
l let this day repay his annual toils:
him to cull these simple flow'rs of rhyme,
o scatter'd thousands in the paths of Time.—
"social compact" is a mere machine,
ere men with men, as wheels with wheels combine;
mighty wheel, with slow majestic force,
s round, revolving others in its course;
se, in their turn, the smaller wheels control,
one grand cause gives motion to the whole.
s'd to move, at first, th' effect is slow,
grating sounds from ev'ry axle flow,
lubrick oil, to all its parts apply'd,
s it new force, and all these sounds subside.
ack thro' years, where time at first began,
mark th' effects of individual Man.
ed and poor, in single strength he stood,
dream'd of ought beyond his native wood.
length Improvement chang'd the dreary scene;
join'd with man and form'd the grand machine.
rder is heav'n's first law, and this confest,
e are and must be greater than the rest,"
one, experienc'd, held the gen'ral sway,
, each on each, the several orders lay.
new machine continual *friction* sent;
rent,
dismal *cries* from all its parts were sent;
ength came Wealth; these cries were heard no more,
all its parts their proper functions bore.

But now twelve moons have mark'd this ceaseless toil,
And ev'ry *wheel* exalts it's voice for *oil*;
Each pond'rous weight it's length of chain has run,
And time's vast clock it's annual course has done.
Enough fair Muse, for all reward his toil,
And bless thy "Carrier" with a *silver smile*.—
'Tis vain to wish, but could his wishes bring
Content, and all the joys that poets sing,
These happy hours in one fair course should run,
And end in joy, as they were first begun.

FOR THE EMERALD.

.....Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
And turns his tears to rapture,

AKENSIDE.

She, who rais'd the tenderest passion
Worth and beauty can impart;
She, who unalloy'd by fashion,
Kept a pure and faithful heart;
She, whose smile like May day morning,
Cheer'd the darkness in my breast;
Who, her cheeks the blush adorning,
Flames of mutual love confest;
Low is laid; cold earth her pillow,
Where yon elms their branches wave,
Where my hands have strew'd the willow
And the flowerets o'er her grave.
There with folded arms I ponder,
When the moon doth her ray;
There with wan despair I wander,
Till the pale stars tell the day.

God! thou know'st what pain & anguish
Tear this agonized breast;
Kill'd by grief Hope's flowers do languish,
And fade and die. Oh she's at rest.

Shed, O morn your tears in showers
On that sacred, hallow'd earth,
Bring, ye winds, from fairest flowers
Fragrance, sweet as was her worth.

But morning's tears full soon will perish,
Winds the sweet scents waft away;
But for me, I ay will cherish,
That lowly earth, which holds thy clay.

R**

For the Emerald.

REMEMBRANCE.

In youth, with wreath of pleasure crown'd,
Hope gaily tripp'd along;
Joy's fairy forms then swarm'd around,
Warbling their syren song.
But soon came Death, terrific form,
Leading affliction's piercing storm;
How soon I hung this drooping head!
The wreaths all faded fell to earth;
Hush'd were the songs of sportive mirth;
Joy's fairy forms were fled!

But Time who gives a lenient balm
For every human woe,
Has hush'd the raging mind to calm,
And dried the tearful flow;
Such calmness round the heart doth wind,
As makes the sorrowing pensive mind,
The smile of resignation wear;
But never can his hand erase,
Those fond ideas which keep their place,
Enstamp'd forever thine!

And fondly memory still surveys,
Those days of ancient years;
Like mist, which morning's beam arrays,
Dissolving into tears.
And when recall'd by her control,
A pensive sadness soothes the soul,
Sweet as the mild Æolian note,
When Zephyr with ærial wing
Sweeps soft the gently trembling string,
And mournful measures float.

R**

EPIGRAMS.

From the French.

I die with sadness, if the blushing f
These eyes adore, rejects her love
prayer;
I die with transport, if her gentle e
Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint
hear.
How shall a wretch his fate contrive
shun,
Both by her rigour, and her smiles u
done?
Each way I look, I view my ruin sure
Fall by the wound, or perish by the cur

On a decayed Beauty.

Sylvia, with ev'ry grace adorn'd
Blooming in all her pride,
Each youth and fondest lover scorn'd
Who for her beauties dy'd.
When, now arriv'd at fifty nine,
Love's gentle flame she tries;
And, as she finds her charms decline,
She feels her passion rise!

Thus oaks a hundred winters told,
Just as they now expire,
Turn touchwood, doated, grey and old
And at each *Spark* take fire!

The Prayer unexpectedly granted.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
"Have mercy, Heaven!" the parson
cries,
"And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains
"Thy blessings send in genial rains!"
The sermon ended and the prayers,
The parson to be gone prepares;
When with a look of brighten'd smiles
"Thank Heaven, it rains," cries farmer
Giles.
"Rains!" quoth the parson, "Sure you
joke!
"Rains! Heaven forbid! I've got n
cloak."

Written in a lady's Milton.

With virtue strong as yours had *Eve*
been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or ser
pent charm'd, [bought
Nor had our bliss, by penitence bee
Nor had frail *Adam* fell, nor *Milto*
wrote.

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